

The history

And there the strawy Greekes ripe for his edge
Fall downe before him like a mowers swath,
Here, there and euery where, he leaues and takes,
Dexterity so obaying appetite,
That what he will he do's, and do's so much:
That prooffe is call'd impossibility. *Enter Vlisses.*
Vliss. Oh courage, courage Princes, great *Achilles*,
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance,
Patroclus wounds haue rouz'd his drowzy bloud,
Together with his mangled *Myrmidons*
That noselesse, handlelesse, hackt and chipt come to him.
Crying on *Hector*, *Ajax* hath lost a friend,
And foames at mouth, and hee is arme and at it:
Roaring for *Troilus*, who hath done to day,
Madde and fantastique execution:
Engaging and redeeming of himselfe
With such a carelesse force, and forcelesse care,
As if that lust in very spight of cunning, bad him win all.
Enter Ajax. *Troilus*, thou coward *Troilus*. *Exit.*
Dio. I there, there?
Nest. So, so, we draw together. *Exit.*

Enter Achilles.
Achil. Where is this *Hector*?
Come, come, thou boy-queller shew thy face,
Know what it is to mee: *Achilles* angry
Hector wher's *Hector*? I will none but *Hector*. *Exit.*
Enter Ajax. *Troilus* thou coward *Troilus* shew thy head.
Enter Diom. *Troilus* I say wher's *Troilus*?
Ajax. What wouldst thou?
Diom. I would correct him.
Ajax. Were I the generall thou shouldst haue my office,
Ere that correction? *Troilus* I say what *Troilus*.
Enter Troilus.

Troy. Oh traytor *Diomed*, turne thy false face thou traytor,
And pay thy life thou owest me for my horse.
Dio. Ha art thou there?
Ajax Ile fight with him alone stand *Diomed*.
Diom.

of Troilus and Cressida.

Diom. He is my prize, I will not looke vpon.
Troy. Come both you cogging Greekes haue at you both.
Hect. Yea *Troilus*, O well fought my yongest brother.
Enter Achil. Now do I see thee ha, haue at thee *Hector*.
Hect. Pause if thou wilt.
Achil. I do disdain thy curtesie proud *Trojan*,
Be happy that my armes are out of vte:
My rest and negligence befriends thee now,
But thou anon shalt here of me againe:
Till when goe seeke thy fortune. *Exit.*
Hect. Fare thee well.
I would haue beene much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee, how now my brother. *Enter Troil.*
Troy. *Ajax* hath tane *Aeneas* shall it be,
No by the flame of yonder glorious heauen
He shall not carry him ile be tane to,
Or bring him off, fate here me what I say:
I wreake not though I end my life to day. *Exit.*

Enter one in armour.
Hect. Stand, stand thou Greeke, thou art a goodly marke,
No: wilt thou not. I like thy armor well,
Ile frush it and vn'ock the riuetts all:
But ile be maister of it, wilt thou not beaft abide,
Why then flie on, ile hunt thee for thy hide. *Exit.*

Enter Achilles with Myrmidons.
Come here about me you my *Myrmidons*,
Marke what I say, attend me where I wheele:
Strike not a stroke, but keepe your selues in breth,
And when I haue the bloody *Hector* found:
Empale him with your weapons round about,
In fellest manner execut your armes
Follow me firs and my proceedings eye,
It is decreed *Hector* the great must die. *Exit.*

Enter Therst. Mene. Paris.
Ther. The cuck-old and the cuck-old-maker are at it,
now bull, now dogge lowe, *Paris* lowe, know my double
hen'd spartan, lowe *Paris*, lowe the bull has the game, ware
horne ho?
Exit Paris and Menelns.

Enter.